

## Home Circle.

### THE TRUTH IS BEST.

"Lost your situation? How did it happen, my boy?"

"Well, mother, you'll say it was all my own carelessness, I suppose. I was dusting the shelves in the store, and in trying to hurry up matters, I sent a whole lot of fruit jars smashing to the floor. Mr. Barton scolded and said he wouldn't stand my blundering ways any longer, so I packed up and left."

His mother looked troubled.

"Don't mind, mother. I can get another situation soon, I know. But what shall I say if they ask me why I left the last one?"

"Tell the truth, James, of course; you wouldn't think of anything else?"

"No; I only thought I would keep it to myself. I'm afraid it may stand in my way."

"It never stands in one's way to do right, James, even though it may seem to sometimes."

He found it harder than he expected to get a situation. He walked and inquired, until one day something really seemed to be waiting for him. A young-looking man in a clean, bright store, newly started, was in want of an assistant. Things looked very attractive, and so neat and dainty, that James, fearing that a boy who had a record for carelessness might not be wanted there, felt sorely tempted to conceal the truth. It was a long distance from the place where he had been dismissed, and the chances were slight for a new employer hearing the truth. But he thought better of it, and frankly told exactly the circumstances which had led to his seeking the situation.

"I must say I have a great preference for having neat-handed, careful people about me," said the man, good humoredly, "but I have heard that those who know their faults, and are honest enough to own them, are likely to mend them. Perhaps the very luck that you have had may help you to learn to be more careful."

"Indeed, sir, I'll try very hard," said James, earnestly.

"Well, I always think well of a boy who tells the truth, even though it may seem to go against him—good morning, uncle. Come in, sir."

He spoke to an elderly man who was entering the door, and James, turning, found himself face to face with his late employer.

"O!" he said, looking at the boy, "are you hiring this young chap, Fred?"

"I haven't yet, sir."

"Well, I guess you might try him. If

you can only," he added, laughing, "keep him from spoiling all the wet goods, and smashing all the dry ones, you'll find him reliable in everything else. If you find you don't like him, I'll be willing to give him another trial myself."

"If you think that well of him," said the young man, "I shall keep him myself."

"O, mother," said James, going home, after having made an agreement with his new employer, after such a recommendation from his old one, "you were right, as you always are. It was telling the truth that got it for me. What if Mr. Barton had come in there just after I had been telling something that wasn't exactly so!"

"Truth is always best," said his mother; "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."—*The Bombay Guardian*.

### EXAMPLE BETTER THAN PRECEPT.

The best method of training little ones should occupy the serious thought of most all of us. I do not believe that there is anyone wholly exempt from this responsibility. You may not be a mother or a sister, a grandmother or a teacher, and yet is there not some little one over whom you can have an influence for good? The neighbor boy, or the one you meet on the street, will soon learn to look for your smile; perhaps some day you might drop a word which would stay his hands or lips from sinning. We are all too willing to frown upon the child who has evil ways, and of course do not want him for an associate for our little ones. But what have we done to make that evil child any better? A child is a creature of growth and development, morally as well as physically; and perhaps a few smiles and well-directed words from us might prove as food to its famished soul.

What pattern do we hold up before these children with whom we mingle every day? Is it the one of olden times who took the little ones in his arms and blessed them, or is it those of this sinful world? We should never for a moment be off our guard in word or action; for these little folks are like mirrors, reflecting back our frowns, and are complete echoes of our unkind words. It seems that one terrible mistake is made by many in this world, and that is the repetition of profane language, especially in the presence of children. I know of otherwise good mothers who seem to have a relish for telling an anecdote which contains a profane word. I can in no wise understand such a depraved appetite. If the mother, father, or sister can defile their lips with such words, it will soon be easy

for the little ones to do the same. One of the greatest hopes we have is in keeping their confidence. If we can get them to come to mamma with their joys, sorrows, secrets, and all, then we may feel quite secure.

One most important point to be guarded is their associations. We must not be satisfied with their playmates because they are well-dressed and polite, and even children of the very best parents. We must know for ourselves what the words and actions of these children are. Young human nature is a deep study, which many of this earth's greatest students have failed to comprehend. And it is one which we should approach with reverence and humility; for there is nothing which seems nearer like our Creator than a child in its innocence. Christ took them in his arms. Is not this an example for us? Do we not sometimes thrust them aside, to do something of far less importance? Now is the time for this Christ-like love, before the enemy has sown his evil.—*The Housekeeper*.

### THE SUNSHINE OF RELIGION.

Our Lord when on earth was not a friend only for dark days. He could stand by the grave of Lazarus and weep with the sorrowing sisters, but could as well be present at the wedding at Cana of Galilee, an honored and welcome guest. In our deep realization of the solemn mission of our Lord to this sinful world we are too apt to forget that He came as an image and expression and embodiment of the God of love. The morose reformer is not likely to be bidden to feasts, where his presence is only a gloomy shadow and his countenance as a threatening cloud. We may be sure that even in His holy purity this was not the impression made by Him whose "compassions are new every morning." There was sunshine about Him, or the mothers would not have thronged around him with their little ones, the despised sufferers would not have looked trustfully to Him for help, the outcast sinner would not have turned to Him for pardon. We seem to fancy that God made our eyes for tears, and that from some other power came their glad twinkle of merriment or their expression of innocent joy in the midst of social converse. Who wreathed the mouth with smiles that answer to smiles? Who made the dimples, too, in the baby's face? Who lit the glad loving light in its eyes, as it begins to be aware of the tender care of its mother? Why will we not remember that joy is as much the gift of God as sorrow, and to be as freely accepted in His presence?—*Presbyterian Review*.